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THE BEST REMEDY.

UNCLE SAM:—"I guess a change of operators is wanted here."

PUCK.

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 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCK this week consists of

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This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns,
which obliges us to add a supplement of

2 PAGES,

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It may have been because the gracious verdancy of summer was clothing the forests with beauty, it may have been from natural inclination; but it is certain that Mr. Roscoe Conkling made himself very fresh last summer. He thought that there was no chance that General Garfield would ever be elected President, so he did not take the trouble to interest himself in the campaign. In fact, when an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent, being in a poetical frame of mind, called him "Achilles Sulking in his Tent," Mr. Conkling thought he had made a decided hit, and posed for Achilles for the rest of the summer season.

So poor General Garfield had to bear the burden and heat all by himself. The Senator from New York never held out a friendly hand. It is true that, toward the end of the long and seemingly hopeless campaign, Mr. Conkling condescended to appear at the Academy of Music, New York, and make a few remarks on the immense superiority of the Republican to the Democratic Party, incidentally alluding to Mr. Garfield in a general way. The disproportion between the enthusiasm for the party and the enthusiasm for Garfield was quite sufficient to call attention to the weakness of the candidate; and it is probable that poor Mr. Garfield suffered more from Mr. Conkling's eloquence than from all the vituperation of his adversaries.

But, strange to say, Mr. Garfield was elected, with all his Crédit-Mobilier record and his queer transactions in De Golyer stock, the country thought him better qualified to rule than the most irreproachable of Democrats—and right the country was, in our opinion. But the election was a tremendous surprise to Mr. Roscoe Conkling. He had made up his mind to accept General Hancock, and he had pictured to himself a brilliant future as the leader of a powerful opposition—the real, not merely the nominal head of his party. And here was Mr. Garfield chosen for President, and he himself left out in the chill November term.

The situation is unpleasant, to say the least. Here is an administration coming into power, and the chief man of the party at odds with it. It is too late, now, to claim recognition as a devoted adherent. He was lukewarm at the time when a little exhibition of enthusiastic heat would have been valuable to General Garfield. Now Garfield is lukewarm just at a time when friendly warmth would be most acceptable to Mr. Conkling. What makes the position more painful is that Mr. Conkling knows well he has no meek and feeble Hayes to deal with; but a man who is at least as resolute and skillful as he himself.

For, as we have occasionally hinted before, there is very little to Senator Conkling, after all. He is not a man of any great intellectual force, nor a man of originality or moral courage. He is a pretentious person, who models his manners a little on the Charles Sumner style; but who is a thousand miles behind Charles Sumner in intellectual force. Sumner was a man of principle, narrow-minded, stubborn, prejudiced, perhaps; but always honest, and always devoted to what he held right and just. It may be that he yielded to small and vulgar ambitions, that he liked to appear well in the eyes of this clique or to parade that affection before the world. But these were only blemishes on a grand character. Mr. Conkling's arrogance, insolence, affectation and bravado are blemishes upon a character that is not grand in any way.

Taken at the best, he is only a politician. Taken at the worst—as he will be taken some day, we are not afraid to prophesy—he is a very poor politician. People fear him because he encompasses himself with a cloud of mystery awe. He keeps up a reputation for reserved power that makes men tremble. When he insults a newspaper reporter, the agent of the people, who comes to ask him questions to which the people have a right to demand an answer, his followers say: "Look at him—look at his haughty nobility. That shows the consciousness of power!" Stuff! It shows nothing of the sort. It shows that he has not enough dignity to silence impertinence, and that he assumes a pomposity well calculated to awe those who do not know the difference between the two articles.

We sincerely trust that Mr. Garfield knows enough to reject Mr. Conkling's proffered services as guide along the rocky road to the White House. Mr. Garfield ought to have brains enough to choose a cabinet for himself. We can't say that we particularly admire his choice, so far. Mr. Blaine is a very objectionable person, viewed from the standpoint of the Mulligan letters, and Mr. Allison is a nonentity, a very poor puppet to put in place of Mr. John Sherman. But even if he has selected these two politicians for Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury, they are a vast deal better than the automata which Mr. Conkling would have put in their places. Mr. Garfield has no use for Mr. Conkling. He has quite enough to do to carry his own queer record. He need not make himself a telegraph pole to support the wires which the Honorable Roscoe Conkling makes a business of pulling.

Mr. Henry Bergh is once more before the public. We thought we had effectually disposed of him, but it seems not. He is now making himself ridiculous by his advocacy of the whipping-post. A short time ago we indulged in a little cartoon representing Mr. Bergh undergoing castigation at the hands of a steam flogging-machine, the establishment of which he had suggested in a silly speech.

We then remarked that Mr. Bergh had outlived his usefulness, and that the best thing for him to do was to resign. But he did not resign, and now he is urging on his wild career with more eccentricity than ever. We do not wish to discuss the question with Mr. Bergh, as to whether the whipping-post is or is not desirable. We could say a great deal on the subject, but have no desire to do so just now. What we do say is, however, that a man like Mr. Bergh, who poses as a lover of animals, has no right at all to approve of torture and cruelty in any form.

Mr. Bergh systematically runs down mankind at the expense of dumb animals, and it is about time that he was sat upon for his absurdities. If he is in his right senses, he deserves no mercy from the press or the public for his cruel utterances. If he is not responsible for what he says and does, and is really bereft of his senses, we pity him, and would recommend that he retire, at his earliest convenience, to the nearest lunatic asylum, wherein he can receive proper treatment for his affliction. He may be simply a monomaniac, and not dangerous outside of his peculiarity, but we almost begin to doubt it. Everybody has willingly given credit to Mr. Bergh for what he has done as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but he must not run away with the idea that because he has acquired a reputation on this account he can dictate to the people of the United States about everything else. Can anything be more stupid and childish than the bill to compel owners of animals to provide fire-escapes for them?

Mr. Bergh says that a large number of horses are roasted alive every year—which is a great cruelty to the horses. Now, no owner of a horse is anxious to have it burned up for mere amusement, and therefore Mr. Bergh's bill is as impertinent as it is unnecessary. If Mr. Bergh is in his right mind, we can tell him of something wherein ample opportunity will be afforded him for utilizing all his superfluous milk of human kindness—and more, too. Every year a certain number of people are burnt to death in tenement houses. Now, why doesn't Mr. Bergh immediately introduce a bill to prevent this sort of thing; to insist upon houses being properly constructed, and to prevent their being made death-traps. It is a noble thing to save a dumb animal, but it is a far nobler thing to save the life of a human being. But what does Mr. Bergh care for humanity? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The man who could support Captain Williams in his barbarity, and can urge the revival of the whipping-post, can very well be expected to gaze unmoved on any kind of human torture.

It is generally known, and as well understood, that Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt have all the telegraph wires in the United States safely under their control. In spite of the protests that have been made against the amalgamation of the companies, there is very little doubt that Mr. Jay Gould—for Mr. Vanderbilt is a mere cats-paw in the matter—will have it pretty well all his own way. He is too rich, too shrewd, too powerful, and has made arrangements too carefully to have them upset by anything in the shape of an injunction. Merchants and others who do not wish Jay Gould to know their business may howl and swear, but it will do no good, they and everybody else will be obliged to accept the situation. But there is one thing that might be done, although we think that Mr. Jay Gould is strong enough in pocket to prevent even that. Why does not Uncle Sam take charge of the telegraphs himself, just as the British Government did twelve years ago? We pause for a reply.

THE UNSALTED GENERATION.



It is rather hard on a generation which still considers itself young to have to play the old foggy to a still more juvenile brood; but we feel it our bounden duty to enter our protest against the extreme precocity of your younger brothers.

We have no objection to a human being making a man of himself at a moderately early age; but we think that common discretion ought to suggest setting a limit somewhere.

It took us of the present day a quarter of a century to bring ourselves up to the usual standard of masculine maturity. We had to work hard to do it, too. We had quite as much spontaneity and freshness about us as any brood before or since; but we had just enough leaven of hard horse-sense to know that unlimited newness isn't enough for a man's whole capital in this weary life; and we have waited till a little of our preliminariness was worn off before we set up in the man business.

Now, we cannot legitimately object if our younger brothers find means to shorten a little the long period of adolescent probation; but we don't particularly like to see them shorten it right down to the edge of boyhood.

We wouldn't mind if the new scheme were practicable; but it isn't.

If cigarette-smoking, billiard-playing and the habiliments of manhood could make a man, the plan now so popular among the youth of the day would already have given us a host of mature-minded, well-balanced citizens. Unfortunately, however, it seems that these are not all the requisites of perfect and symmetrical manly growth.

Hence we enter our protest against the delusion prevalent among male mortals of fourteen and fifteen years old that they can by this easy method reduce the tiresome term of their novitiate.

They can't. In trying it on, they can only make nuisances of themselves to a world that took its age and experience in the regulation manner, and grew up healthily, like a natural fruit, not like the forced product of a hot-house.

Take that young horror at the head of the column. In all externals, he is a man. So is a dwarf. But he thinks he is a man. The dwarf

knows better. Each makes a show of himself—the one consciously, the other unconsciously.

Just look at the little beggar. See him stop that fine old gentleman in the street, to ask a light for his wholly premature and unwarrantable cigarette. See the old gentleman stop and give it to him. If that splendid old man had been brought up as that obnoxious infant has been brought up, he could not stop—he would pass on remarking:

"Ah-h h-h, skip out, Cully, ye're too fresh!"

But that is not the old gentleman's style. His stately courtesy is broad and charitable enough to extend down even to the level of this small animal, and he bends to comply with the impudent request, returns the baby's flip-pant acknowledgement of the courtesy with a graceful, old-fashioned bow, and goes on his dignified way wondering a little at the strange manners of this strange age.

You may be quite sure that the infant in the picture never reached that pitch of impudent precocity all unaided. His forwardness has been encouraged by foolish elders, who will reap the benefit of it sooner or later.

His mother is proud to see her boy trip down the front steps, with his little cane under his arm, and his little cigarette in his mouth, and his little coat on his body, just like a little man. His father hears of his performances in billiard saloons, bar-rooms and the wine rooms of vile variety dives with undisguised pride. He doesn't want any doughheads in his family, by—something-or-other—he means that his son shall know life!

That is the way that youth is produced. That is the way he blossoms out on our civilization. We mean these few brief remarks merely to call attention to him. In our next number we shall take him up and discuss him as a type, and see if we can not get a little saline dressing into his little hide.

THE FIFTH EDITION
OF
PUCK'S ANNUAL
IS NOW READY.

Puckings.

SIX-DAY PEDESTRIANISM is de-booming.

THEY HAD women doctors in Egypt 3,000 years ago. We always thought Dr. Mary Walker was an Egyptian.

DR. OSCAR JENNINGS, of Paris, says he treats lunacy with music. Dr. Oscar Jennings must be a homeopathist.

GLADSTONE is not going to be a Nearl, ye know, nor will he accept the garter. He has no use for it—he wears socks.

THE TOWER OF LONDON has been closed through fear of a Fenian raid. Mrs. Victoria will now have to go back to the 'Ighlands.

HE CAME into the lottery office and said, "Give an honest Irish lad a chance," and he gave them a dollar and they handed him a ticket.

FORMERLY it was not considered the proper thing for a man to go around with his mouth wide open, but this winter every fellow shows his gums.

THE SMALL boy feels more comfortable at a fire in the gutter, when the thermometer is at zero, than he does in the school-room, where it is 70° above.

"HE FELL, and as he fell the earth and heaven shook," this line altered from Milton, fully illustrates what took place when David Davis slipped on the ice the other day.

EX-SECRETARY ROBESON wants to be speaker of the House. If he will undertake to leave Congress in the same condition he did the Navy, he shall have our earnest support.

"WHO WAS Atlas supposed to be?" said the teacher. "Jay Gould," answered the boy who read the papers. "How is that?" said the teacher. "Oh!" said the boy: "he holds up the World."

THE WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION has accepted Mr. Edison's invitation to visit Menlo Park to inspect the now perfected electric light. Is not Mr. Edison about a century too recklessly premature?

THERE is a hog in Ohio which is fifty years old. This must be Ancient Greece.—*Exchange*.

A man about seventy years old bought a PUCK at our office, and wanted the boy to take it home for him. This must be Ancient Gaul.

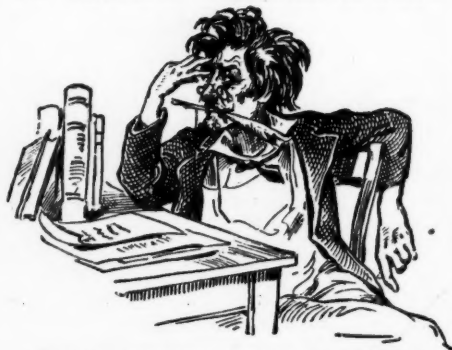
THE LONDONERS admire Booth's *Jago*, but they always did like to imagine an American in the character of a villain.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

No they don't. They prefer to look upon every American as a millionaire and bleed him accordingly.

"AND YOU will be mine," said Edwin gazing into Angelina's dreamy eyes: "Say that you will be mine for ever," and he put his hand on the wrong arm for the other was not vaccinated—and she shrieked shrilly, "Never speak to me again!"

THE *Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald* says that a Boston girl has a nickel permanently located in her throat. We don't believe she is a Boston girl, or that nickel would have been dislodged long ago in her endeavor to describe her symptoms scientifically in Boston culchawed dialect.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY



HIS LECTURES ON THE POETIC PROFESSION.

No. I.

TO THE READERS OF PUCK:

DEAR FRIENDS:

In setting out to teach every one of you to be his own poet, I mean business from the word go; but I think it well that we should understand each other at the beginning.

I mean to eternally break up this pretense of professional poets that they are different from other respectable writers, and to show you that they are only literary men who express their thoughts in a peculiar way. But while I propose to teach you their tricks of expression, I don't propose to find you in thoughts. This, however, will not greatly hamper you. You will be quite able to compete with ordinary poets if your mental calibre is only up to the level of the average thinking animal. There are some poets who have had thoughts which you won't get in a hurry, though. For instance, there are Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne and Walt Whitman. I can teach you the manner of expression affected by each one of these men; but I can no more teach you to think alongside of them than I can train you for a thinking match with Carlyle, Darwin, or Herbert Spencer. If the eminent versifiers I have mentioned had gone into any other than the poet business, they would have shown their brains, just the same.

That is what I can't teach you. What I won't teach you is the simple rules of metrical construction. I will assume that you know them, or that you will acquaint yourself with them before next week. Any intelligent man of this generation ought to be up to that test. Read first the chapter on prosody in the back of any Latin grammar. You will find that it contains all the popular errors about the construction of verse. Then read Poe's famous lecture to clear away the ancient nonsense. Then study Mr. Sidney Lanier's lately published book on English verse. A man who has brains enough to read PUCK can learn, in spite of venerable prejudices, the beautiful simplicity of metrical expression. There is nothing difficult about the study of English verse-writing, except getting rid of the idea of mysterious complexity with which professional poets have tried to scare away competition.

I will suppose, then, that you know enough to make your lines of one length, to get your accented syllables or long notes in the proper places, and not to rhyme *man* with *lamb* or *clean* with *deem*.

We will, therefore, at once begin to consider that school of writers which first gave the profession of poetry a good commercial standing, and made a paying business of it. This is the Queen Anne school, and Alexander Pope was its chief and is its perfect example.

I am well aware that the poets of the present day have given up Pope. They know that in trying to keep up any illusion about him they only put the whole business in jeopardy, and do no one good. They disown him, much on

the same principle as an office-holder, when he is found out and an investigation ordered, resigns, to save himself from impeachment.

I know also that if Pope were alive to-day he could not make a living peddling his heroic couplets among the magazines.

But, my friends, your fathers have talked to you about Pope's genius and inspiration, and you feel that it is incumbent upon you to admire him as a man who expressed great and beautiful thoughts in finished style.

Permit me to tell you that this is all conventional nonsense.

Keats had beautiful thoughts; Walt Whitman has great thoughts. Except a few, which had been common property for a dozen or so centuries, Pope never entertained a thought that was not commonplace. Finished style, in a poet's work, means a fine metrical manner. Pope knew little more than the rudiments of metrical expression.

Pope and all his crowd wrote mostly in "heroic" or organ grinding verse. This is a rhyming verse of ten syllables, arranged in couplets. It is dull and slow in melody, and so closely approaches prose. Its peculiar characteristic is that its modulations suggest the strong accentuation of several syllables in each line. For instance:

Doodle doo doodle—doodle doodle doo.

Doo doodle doodle—doodle doodle doo.

Doodle doo—doo doodle doodle doodle doo.

Now, an intoxicated idiot, stricken with paralysis, could not write in this metre without striking, once in every hundred lines, one line where the emphasis would gee with the sense. As I remarked in my last article, the reason of the grip which poetry has on the public imagination is simply that it expresses thought in a peculiarly effective manner. An intelligent person who uses this metre can put forth his views with the advantage of a ready made emphasis which plain prose never could indicate.

Emphatic speech is always successful with the people. Ask one hundred men if they will injure their constitutions and destroy their tissues by taking in a little alcohol at your expense. Ninety-nine will reply: "You bet!" and the other man will say: *Well, I should smile!* This shows the popularity of emphasis.

Now, my young friend, take any passage from Pope's work and write it out in plain prose. Then take it around among your friends and tell them it is your own production. You won't be long in finding out its lightness as a literary composition. For instance:

"Know that all creatures, whether they are blest with reason or with instinct, enjoy that power which best suits them. They all alike seek happiness in that way, and find the means proper for their object."

Boiled down, that brilliant thought amounts to this: that men and animals can generally find out just about what they want to do, and do it. There is nothing original about the idea. Noah found it out when he first undertook to drive a mule-team into the ark. But, O my dear readers, didn't it strike your great-grandfathers dumb with admiration when Pope wrote it out like this:

*"Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end!"*

Now, my dear readers, having given you this hint of Mr. Pope's poetical capital, I shall proceed, next week, to show you how he and his followers put it where it would do the most good, in a business way.

I would enlarge on the subject right here; but this is advertising space, and it is not so easy for even me to poet the worth of it in these days, when poetry is not taken as its face-value quite so much as it used to be.

Iconoclastically yours,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLVIII.

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT.



Ya-as, as I am now a fathah, and my son may perwhaps become Pwesident of the United States when he weaches ye-ahs of discwetion, it is not altogethah unnaturwal, as I have befaw we-marked, that I should take a little interest in what is going on

in the countwy where the youngstah was born.

Aw I am beginning to find out that it makes a twemendous difference in a fellow's ide-ahs when he's marwied. Everwything appe-ahs in anothah descwription of light. I weally nevah thought that I should be inclined to bothah myself in the least degwee in what was going on arround me; but I find that I do. I don't wefer, ye know, to kettledwums and weceptions, and such arwancements, but things that are much maw difficult to compwehend.

Jack Carnegie tells me—and he knows everwything—that my opinions on the curwious feachahs of Amerwican attempts at hospitality—or wathah neglect of it—have cweated a much maw desperwate sensation than anybody could expect. I am glad of it, faw it was, 'pon my soul, about time that some attention was dwawn to the mattah.

I am now desirwous of alluding to anothah bwanch of aw business which is in some we-spects extwemely important and interwests everwybody—because everwybody stwives to have something to do with it.

A certain numbah of people in Gweat Bw-tain buy and sell stocks, but they make no horwid fuss about it. It is aw twue it is gambling to a mild extant, but I don't think it is demor-walizing.

But in Amerwica everwybody gambles in stocks, lotterwies, etc. On all sides there is encourwagement to do it. There is scarcely a young fellow thwoughout the length and bweadth of the wepublic who has not, at some perwiod or othah in the course of his carwe-ah, had twansactions in stocks, or something that is quite as uncertain in its pwice, and will wun up or down according to the mannah in which the enterpwise, whatevah it may be, is worked or kicked about by its managers in aw Wall Stweet.

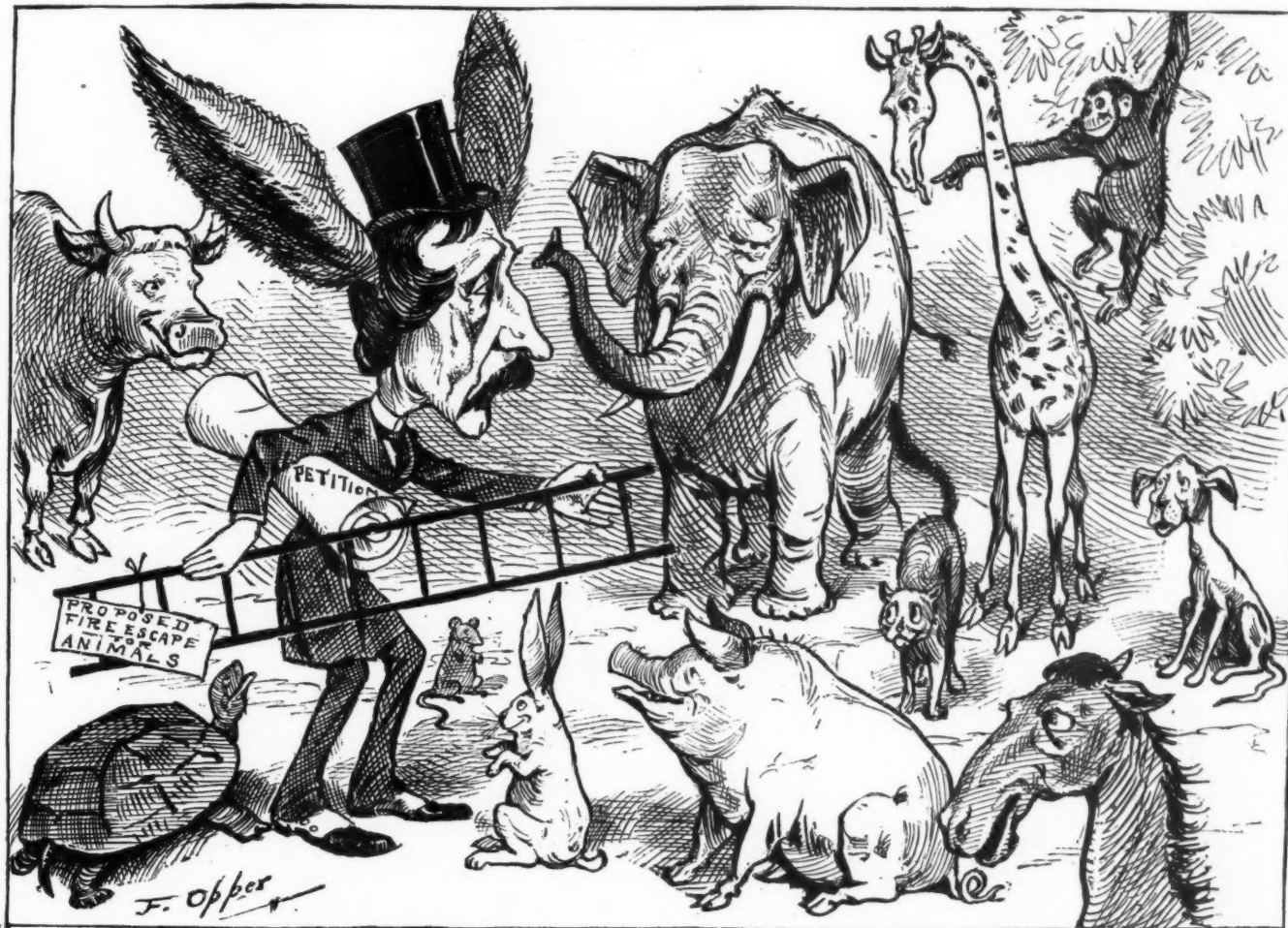
You cannot go into a westaurwant to eat or dwink anything without finding an electwic tape or tickah that wecords the varwious fluctuations of the different stocks. There is always a cwowd wound the instwument, pushing against one anothah to wead what is pwinted upon the aw long, narwow woll of papah.

Even my pwetentious young fw-iends, who devote the gweatah part of their time to dwessing themselves up and twying to impwess upon everwybody the gwandeur and wespectability of their ancestahs, dwop this wot and wubbish and talk about the instwuctions they have given to their bwokahs to buy and sell faw them.

This Wall Stweet business has weached such extwawordinarwy dimensions that it weally forms everwywhere the staple of conversation, to the exclusion of much maw interwesting things, and it seems to gwow worse and worse.

It makes Amerwica one huge betting-woom, which is a nuisance. I don't mind doing a little occasionally on a horse-wace, but to be always hearwowing of wagers on the wise or depwession in these wailowad and telegraph shares is far fwom agweeable. 'Pon my life, I cahn't stand it, ye know aw.

BERGH'S LATEST.



IT EVEN MAKES THE ANIMALS LAUGH.

MASONIC MUDDLES.

THE year 1881 has opened very badly indeed. Not only has it given us storms of most severe character; witnessed the consolidation of the great telegraph companies and other crimes of the most revolting nature, but, worse than all, a dispute has arisen between the Masonic Grand Lodge of Connecticut and the Grand Lodge of New York.

We can endure storms and amalgamations of stock companies with equanimity; we are not particular to a murder or two; but we can not stand quarrels between Masonic lodges, especially Grand Lodges—in fact, the grander they are, the more painful is it for us even to think of their getting at loggerheads.

We would willingly offer ourselves as mediators, did we not know that Masons were not the kind of people to be trifled with, and that we might lose our own gore in endeavoring to make peace.

What is the country to do? It is evident that so long as the Grand Lodges of Connecticut and New York are at daggers drawn, there can be no peace in the United States. It was very inconsiderate of them to be angry with each other and thus let the whole world suffer, but there is no help for it and we must make the best of this unfortunate condition of things.

The Grand Lodge of Connecticut has, it appears, been guilty of the heinous crime of granting a charter for an un-grand lodge to some Masons who reside in New York, whom that high and mighty potentate, the ineffable A. C. D. E. F. and O. K., the Grand Master of the State of New York, claims are subject to his government.

The Z. Y. X. W. V. and N. G., of the Grand

Lodge of Connecticut, contends that he and his lodge have not interfered with the rights of the boss of Jubelo-Jubela-Jubelums in New York; and they will wait patiently for the restoration of friendly relations.

It is all very fine for the Connecticut Grand Lodge to talk in this way, but we want to know what the country is to do in the meantime. Is it to go incontinently to the dogs, while waiting patiently for the proclamation of peace between the two belligerent lodges? No! it must not, it cannot be. This great Republic of ours, which has reached its towering position almost wholly through the exertions and restless energy of its Freemasons, must not be allowed to crumble into the dust on account of this unhappy dispute.

We do hope at heart that the country will not be plunged in a fratricidal war. Opposed as we are to anything in the shape of foreign interference, we would, as a last resort, recommend that the Prince of Wales, who is a very exalted Freemason, be called in to settle the matter, so that the general business of the country may flow once more in its regular channels.

Freemasons, men, women and children of the United States! Lend your aid towards the good work of making peace between the Grand Lodges of Connecticut and New York. Freemasons especially, you are so charitable, so considerate, so kind, so anxious and ready to help a starving brother in distress—provided he has paid his dues regularly, and is a member of your own lodge—you, champions of Boaz and Jachin, who have no stupid mummery in your institution, no "bigod" nonsense, nothing of that sort, oh dear, no, you without whom the country would cease to exist, will oblige us very much by fixing up things amicably right away.

THE ELEVATED RAILROADS.

ALTHOUGH the Elevated Railroad Companies have practically confiscated a large quantity of the property of the citizens of New York, yet the spoliation is submitted to with the quiet grace that marks the American character, on account of the great convenience of the roads to many people.

A franchise of inestimable value has been granted to the companies, but the public does not get a fair return for what it has so lightly surrendered to the shrewd capitalists who have the roads in their hands.

The management of the roads is as bad as it can be. No proper precautions are taken against accident, and deaths caused by criminal negligence daily take place. The employees are poorly paid and the trains are run entirely on the happy-go-lucky principle.

If the engineer be blessed with particularly good eyes, he may possibly run his locomotive for a few weeks or so without coming into collision with another train, but the big smash-up is bound to come, one day. There are no signals to guide him; and consequently every passenger who travels on the road literally carries his life in his hand.

When the inevitable slaughter comes, perhaps the companies will take it into their heads to pay a few thousand more a year and adopt, perhaps, the English "Block" system, advocated by us last week, which is simply that:

No train should be allowed to leave one station, till the preceding train has left the station ahead.

The fact of the train having left should be communicated by telegraph. The legislature should insist upon the adoption of this system without a moment's delay.

STARVING IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

A NEW YORKER'S NARRATIVE.

THOSE who have ever stopped over night in the thriving and picturesque town of Philadelphia, have not failed to observe the beautiful and primitive custom of the inhabitants to bar their doors and retire at night-fall. This truly rustic usage is, as strangers know, well-nigh universal in Quakertown. Of course there are certain midnight revelers and prowlers who frequent theatres and other unhallowed places. For these keys are provided. But they represent but a faint fraction of the population. Indeed, it has been said that less than one per cent. of the inhabitants of Philadelphia debauch the pavements by their presence after twilight.

On the evening of Tuesday, January 25th, 1881, the writer of these lines stood indecisively in the desert waste jocularly called West Philadelphia. It was nine o'clock at night. The cars had ceased running and the streets were deserted. Even the cats had "gone back" on their fences.

After surveying this scene for a few moments, the writer began a weary trudge over one of the so-called bridges which span the Schuylkill. He was tired and hungry. He had money in his pocket—bills and trade-dollars—but nothing to eat. A walk of about twenty minutes brought him to a locality in North Ninth Street, the number of which, being altitudinal, it is not necessary to specify. The street was very dark. Few lamps were burning. A pall seemed to rest on the slumbering residents. The hour was 9:20 P.M. in the year of our Lord 1881.

Approaching three alabaster steps, the writer pulled the bell and waited patiently for a reply. There was a delay of some minutes.

He rang again. Noises were heard within the house as of a shuffling on the stairs. Then the door was slowly opened, and a gaunt elderly female, swathed in a night-wrap and with a flickering tallow candle in her right hand, stood revealed.

"Who are you?" she inquired.

I answered:

"Penchant."

"What do you want?"

"I want to come in. I stopped here when last in Philadelphia."

"At this time! Why, Mr. — has been in bed two hours. What do you mean by rousing us? You can't come in."

The figure then closed the door.

I retired, looked at my watch and felt hungry. Also houseless.

I started out to look for a restaurant. After walking what seemed to be ten miles through deserted streets I came upon a sign: "— Restaurant." On the door was a card: "Open every evening till 6:30. Saturday until 7 P.M." I walked several more squares till I saw a light. It glistened from a cigar store. I knocked. A man in *deshabillé* came to the door rubbing his eyes.

"What do you want?" he said.

"You're not open," I ventured.

"Not after dark," he said, closing the door mechanically.

This was at 9:30 P.M. in Philadelphia, a town of some 840,000 people.

Hunger was gaining upon me. I had broken an interesting engagement in Ninth Street. I was faint and famished. But I continued walking.

In a house on Race Street I observed a light burning on the second floor. I was desperate. I went up the steps and rang the bell. There was no response. Suddenly I felt the weight of a brass key on my hat. It was suspended by means of a string. I was about to apply it

STRONG SMELLING EVIDENCE.



UNCLE SAM:—"AHEM—I THINK THEY ARE A LITTLE CHANGED!"

to the door when a feminine voice from the second story called out:

"The pass-word?"

I was perplexed.

"Bernhardt?"

"No. Anderson."

The key was suddenly drawn away by the string and the window shut down. I retired in defeat.

I resumed my wanderings. Everything was closed. All lights were out. It was now 9:40 P.M. On a door-step in Spring Garden Street I observed a policeman. Shaking him up I asked:

"Where is the nearest station house?"

He designated a locality I now forget. I followed his direction. A Philadelphian never gives a wrong address.

The station house was closed. I rapped at the door. It was opened. The Sergeant was asleep at his desk. His salutation on awakening was:

"What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"I want to find a restaurant and a respectable bed."

"Where are you from?"

"New York."

"Where?"

"New York."

"Never heard of it."

"I am a New Yorker."

"You are a liar. Search him!"

I was searched. They found upon me \$24.17 in money, a gold watch, a diamond ring, some letters, and a Philadelphia afternoon paper of June 1, 1879, which I had bought that evening on the train.

Being released, I started to look for a hotel; but they were all closed. The people at the theatres were either strangers or had keys. I was starving.

The liquor saloons were closed up, but I found one open in South Street. There were some card-parties seated at tables. They said: "We won't go home till morning."

I overheard these conversations:

"Do you remember the cold wave in 1856?"

"1857."

"I tell you 1856."

"That was after my time."

"James Buchanan was a great man."

"I preferred John C. Calhoun."

"The Centennial is helping Philadelphia immensely."

"I wonder whether it is true that McClellan has been removed from the Army of the Potomac?"

"Yes. Bull Run settled that."

"Mark what I tell you. That man General Grant may one day be President. Stranger things have happened."

I asked for the landlord.

"He has been in bed three hours." The night-barkeeper was asleep. Foot-sore and weary I went out into the street. I sought for a telegraph operator and asked the address of some New Yorker.

After mature deliberation he bethought himself of one. I sought and found him. I explained my position. He realized it and sympathized with me. I boarded with that New Yorker that night. It was 10:05 P.M. when I entered. It was 12 next morning when I left.

E*N*T H*R**R.

THE *Scientific American* estimates that more than \$35,000,000 was brought into the United States by foreign immigrants. It must have been brought in the form of a combination of real and personal estate.

THE rumor is that, under the coming administration, the Senator from Westchester will be collector of the port of New York, and now we know why Robertson crew so.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Wallack's *Hugh Chalcote*, in "Ours," is as good as ever it was, and Mr. Julian Magnus's *Prince Perovsky* is a severely princely and autocratic personation.

Miss Emma Abbott brought her season here to a successful close and advertised her voice and herself in a legitimate way—but the performance of "Faust" was a terror.

At HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE "The Widow Bedott" has made way for Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave." We formerly paid our respects to Mr. Campbell's work, and may do so again.

Miss Catherine Lewis has appeared in concert at the METROPOLITAN MUSIC HALL, in conjunction with Mr. Rudolph Aronson's Orchestra. We have not as yet made up our mind whether we like her better this way or in her old line.

The Comley-Barton Company are distributing more "Olivette" from HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE with Catherine Lewis and John Howson. *Olivette* has more elbow-room here than at its former temporary home, the Bijou Opera House.

"Bigamy" has been withdrawn from THE STANDARD, after a short life and not a very merry one. Mr. Charles Reade's version of "l'Assommoir," which he calls "Drink," is now undergoing representation at the hands of Mr. Cyril Searle and Miss Rose Eytinge.

Mr. Tony Pastor announces, for the evening of February 7th, "The Pie Rats of Penn Yann," which leads us to believe that it is something akin to "The Pirates of Penzance." Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan may perhaps throw a little light on the subject, or perhaps the composer, Signor Antonio Pastori, will do so.

"Olivette" continues at the PARK, but it is not a very remarkable performance; in fact, in some respects it is remarkable for its weakness. It is not an easy matter to produce a piece of this kind, and get a good cast, every member of which is able to sing as well as to act. Some in this cast can do neither to our satisfaction.

Miss Mairie Anderson—she is so called South—is performing this week in the capital city of Washington, D. C. Law-givers and lobbyists constitute the audiences in about equal proportions. Next week Miss Anderson's company will bivouac in the capital city of Albany, New York, a place much bigger in its way than Washington. The capital city of Boston, Mass., follows. Business, it is alleged, has been capital.

"Zanina," at DALY'S THEATRE, by no means improves on acquaintance. No expense has been spared in mounting it gorgeously; but we are not carried away by the singing, which is only good in spots; and the plot, as Dalyized from "Nisida," is well nigh incomprehensible. The Hindoo jugglers are a bore, and the Nautch girls will never interfere with Mrs. Langtry's business, and their dancing is about as lively and entertaining as a funeral sermon.

After twelve months of "Hazel Kirke" at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, we understand that it is Mr. Mackaye's intention, as soon as his lawsuit is at an end, to produce a new play, entitled "Kirke Hazel, or the Hazel of Kirke." It is pronounced by competent judges to be a very superior kind of play, and well adapted for a double stage and other labor-saving and æsthetic arrangements which are not altogether unknown in connection with this place of amusement.

An entertainment was given last Wednesday evening in Dr. Porter's church, chiefly to enable Miss Settle Blume, *l'enfant chéri* of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, to exhibit her elocutionary powers. Miss Blume read with excellent effect several difficult pieces, and, while she lacked force in the more serious ones, showed an unusually keen sense of humor in the lighter selections. A quartette of the New York Philharmonic Club and Mr. John M. Loretz's performances on the organ contributed much to the success of the affair.

That incomparable artist, Salvini, has returned to BOOTH'S, and may be seen as *Niger*, in the "Gladiator,"

one of his best rôles. The support furnished by Mr. Crisp, as *Flavian*, Mr. Weaver, as *Origen*, and Miss Julia Stewart, as *Neodamia*, is respectively good, excellent, charming. Miss Stewart is a feature of the cast. Next week "Othello" will be revived two nights, and "Ingomar, the Barbarian" and "Macbeth" will be heard from. On the "off-nights," Mr. James O'Neill, supported by a United States company, appears in "Enoch Arden," or "He Couldn't Stay Away."

Answers for the Anxious.

BARGE.—Haul off!

HASELTINE.—She's doing remarkably well.

J. B. von L.—No, as you say, you were not born to blush unseen. In fact, we don't believe you were born to blush anyhow or anywhere, or you would never have sent us those remarkably bad paragraphs.

BRAGHORN, BROOKLYN COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.—Did you ever, in rambling through the verdant meads, see a tail protruding from an aperture in the rocks, pull on it, and find that there was a full-blown, able-bodied, patent-leather-finished wild-cat at the end of it? No? Well, we thought you hadn't. If you ever had acquired that little bit of experience, you would never have tackled the tail-end of an article in this paper. You have probably found out by this time that there was more behind.

A TRUE WELL-WISHER.—You're the kind we like. You are a species of Sam Sloan of the coals-of-fire business. We have trodden on your toes, and you can neither take it like a man nor fight us like a man. You write us a highly pathetic letter, and tell us that you forgive us; but that we are doomed to eternal sulphur all the same. Well, that suits us. If we are, we shall have the pleasure of meeting you there, where you can't sneak behind a fancy signature; but will have to stand up and take your thrashing like the next man.

"MORE POETS YET."



Spleaders use the ancient scraps

Of scant and scraggy Latin,

Still muffling sense in all the wraps

That Flea's time she sat in,

As doctor's growl who've never guessed

Its formal first appearance,

Still write the R, these signs attest

Poetic perseverance.

Old rhymes, old measures, forms inane

To fill at need with writing,

Each shelved and labeled for its vein,

Despairing or delighting.

The Dobson lilt, the laureate drop,

The ballad's swinging steady

We take—the names and dates—the shop

Is shut—a poem's ready.

We write the words, but do we dream

Of gardens odor blowing?

By "two pair backs" is morning's stream

In misty freshness flowing.

A sacred frenzy, rapture fine,

Past quandaries and poses,

'Tis found the next but latest line

In reason rhymes with "closes!"

Two tucks he takes, two bows he ties

The bardling thinks him mighty

If of old robe he may disguise

With trimmings new and flighty.

Yet, as a child whose fingers stray

O'er keys just ceased to tremble

Beneath some touch that bears the sway

Where devotees assemble,

Strikes by some happening strange a chord

That stirs for tears or laughter,

So may some chance sweep down our board,

Ring through our world's hereafter.

A. E. WATROUS.

"BUSINESS SCHOOLS."

[The following letter is from an old and well-known merchant, the head of one of the most prominent manufacturing firms of New York. We have received many others like it, for which we cannot find room in this number.]

NEW YORK, January 27th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Permit me to express the real pleasure I experienced on reading your first notice of the "Business College." It struck me as pertinent, well-timed, and as hitting the nail squarely on the head. An old merchant in New York, I have trained many boys, and have had much experience with book-keepers, and I know better than any Teacher of Business can know, that a knowledge of business can be acquired only where business is conducted. Every boy who will acquire a knowledge of how to do business must begin below the lowest round of the ladder, and there is no royal road to that kind of learning. The pupils—victims, better—are not only not benefited by their business college course, they are positively injured, and their chances of obtaining places in merchants' offices are materially lessened thereby. No good merchant—everything else being equal—would hesitate a moment in the choice between two boy applicants for a situation in his office, one of whom was fresh from a public school and the other a graduate from one of these many "Business Colleges."

Unfortunately these misnamed institutions do not inflict upon society a merely negative injury! Many a family already deep in poverty has been sunk to a lower depth by taxing all the resources of all the members to raise the sum necessary to pay the expenses of a son and brother through a business course in one of these so-called colleges. The hope which induces the family to these extraordinary efforts is born of the representations offered by the owners of these schools which are that a book-keeper's situation may readily be obtained by a graduate of "my particular Business College." The truth is, a boy graduate from one of these schools, because of his acquirements there, would stand as good a chance of securing a position as book-keeper as he would to get a professorship in Yale College because he had learned the dead languages in twelve easy lessons. If PUCK, after having finished these institutions, will turn his face to look at some other so-called "Institutes," he will find field worthy of his porte-crayon lance.

Very Respectfully,

J. W. M.

THE BALL SEASON.

When the English language was invented by the Edison of the period, balls were not the institution that they now are. The inventor could never have thought of such things, or he would have provided a more copious vocabulary for describing them. The fact is that the season comes round too often, and is hard on our supply of language and expressions suitable for such matters. What is there new to say about the ball of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie which took place on Monday of last week? Nothing—absolutely nothing. It was a gay and frolicsome ball, and was held at the Academy of Music, and Mr. F. Kinzler was President and Mr. Max Schwab led the orchestra, and everything passed off in the way that one would expect at a ball of this kind, under such able management.

Then we must say a few words about the Old Guard Ball, which was a scene of dazzling brightness and resplendent uniforms. The Academy was tastefully decorated, and Major McLean has reason to congratulate himself on the success of the entertainment under his direction.

The fourteenth Annual Ball of the Elks is announced for St. Valentine's night, February 14th, at the Academy of Music. The tickets are to be sold this time, which is a much better plan than distributing them broadcast to every man, woman and child in the community and having to fight your way into the ball-room through a surging crowd of holders of hat-checks.



ON THE
CONKLING: "Want a Guide, Sir?"



N THE ROAD.
a Guide, S - GARFIELD: "No, thank you!"

A 19th CENTURY BOOM.

CHAPTER XI.

ARNOLD MAKES HAY.

BESSIE PRESTON found Doctor Ferguson at home, and that gentleman soon dissipated her low spirits.

"Now, Mrs. Ferguson," said Bessie, "make the Doctor take us to the theatre."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Ferguson smiling, "I have long since given up all efforts to make the Doctor do anything."

"There, Miss Bessie," said the Doctor, "is a lesson for you. A man may be persuaded but not driven. He much resembles the animal!"

"Which grunts?" suggested Bessie.

"Maybe you're right," said the Doctor, laughing. "I sometimes think that myself. But do you really want to go to the theatre to-night?"

"Ever so much," responded Bessie.

"Then we'll go," said the Doctor. "I'll send down at once for tickets and write a little note."

In a very few moments they settled upon the theatre which should receive their patronage, and the Doctor left the room in order to write the little note of which he had spoken, and to send for the tickets. The little note was as follows:

My dear Arnold:

I have made a diagnosis of the case of the young lady of whom you spoke, and on my honor I believe she is afflicted with the Erotic fever. That's a favor for which you can never properly pay me, and so I make bold to draw on the account at once. Don't you fail to honor the draft, or—well, think of the most unpleasant punishment possible, and make up your mind that I'll inflict that upon you. The case is this. There is now staying at our house a young lady, one of Mrs. Ferguson's friends. She has set her mind on going to the theatre to-night, and, as I abhor the practice of having a woman hanging on each arm, I want you to escort the young lady, while I take charge of Mrs. Ferguson. I may say, *entre nous*, that the lady is very pretty, and that you will be sure of a pleasant evening.

YOUR FRIEND.

The Doctor chuckled as he signed the letter, thinking of the surprise which awaited Arnold. Then he sent the letter to Arnold's office.

Arnold received the epistle in due time. The first sentence made his heart beat more rapidly, but the rest of it rather displeased him. He had almost made up his mind to call on Bessie on that evening; but the request of the Doctor, put in the way it was, could not be slighted, and so, with a sigh, Arnold wrote a brief note stating that he would be on hand. He would have much preferred to have followed the dictates of his heart and called on Bessie, but he concluded that he would postpone the call until the following evening, and meanwhile that he would escort the Doctor's friend to the theatre.

It was late when Arnold reached the house, and the ladies were dressing. The doctor, however, was there ready to receive our hero.

"Well, Arnold," said the Doctor, "I hope you are sufficiently grateful to me for the favor I have done you."

"Oh, of course," answered Arnold, carelessly.

"She's a very pretty girl."

"Doubtless," said Arnold as if he didn't care whether she were pretty or not.

"And I want you to make yourself agreeable."

"I'll try," said Arnold.

"But no falling in love with her," said the Doctor.

"Not much danger," answered Arnold with promptness.

"I don't know about that," said the Doctor.

"She's uncommonly pretty."

Just at that moment Mrs. Ferguson and Bessie entered the room.

"Miss Preston!" ejaculated Arnold.

"Ah, Mr. Brinckley," said Bessie, "what a pleasant surprise."

"I have invited Arnold to go with us," said the Doctor, "if you don't object."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Ferguson.

Bessie said nothing, but, if one can read assent in faces, it was written in hers.

"The only thing that troubles me," said the Doctor, "is which lady shall I put in his charge?"

They all laughed except the Doctor.

"Perhaps we had better draw lots," suggested Bessie.

"That would be well enough," said the Doctor slowly, "if there were not moral consideration. Now!"

"For mercy's sake, Doctor, don't," said Bessie. "If you preach a sermon now we shall be late."

"Suppose," said Arnold, "that I solve the difficulty by offering Miss Preston my arm?"

Bessie took Arnold's arm, and they moved slowly towards the door.

"That cuts the knot with a vengeance," said the Doctor, chuckling over his performances.

The horses rattled along at a lively rate of speed, and their carriage was soon at the door of the theatre. As they stood in the hall for a moment, the Doctor whispered in Arnold's ear: "No falling in love with Mrs. Ferguson's friend."

"I can't," responded Arnold in a low tone. "It has already happened."

The Doctor winked slyly, and they entered the auditorium.

The play was an amusing one, a real comedy; that is to say a dramatic piece which excites laughter. It was not one of those bastard productions which beguile you into a theatre on the theory that, being a comedy, you are about to enjoy a laugh, and then compel you to snivel and use your handkerchief. This piece was bubbling over with fun, real Anglo-Saxon humor, which is the only true humor. Naturally our party, being merry people themselves, enjoyed the fun which the actors made, and passed a very pleasant evening.

As they left the theatre, Arnold, who wished to prolong the evening, suggested that they should go and get some refreshments.

HYDROCEPHALIC HEAT.



TEACHER:—WHY HAVE YOU GOT YOUR HAIR CUT SO SHORT, THIS COLD WEATHER?
SCHOLAR:—TO KEEP MY BRAINS COOL, OF COURSE!

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Doctor. "We'll go home. Mrs. Ferguson will give us some supper, and we can make as merry over it as we please in our own house."

That arrangement suited Arnold, and so they were once more whirled to the Doctor's house. Mrs. Ferguson kept the Doctor's promise, and our party were soon seated at the Doctor's table enjoying a light supper. And they made very merry over it. The Doctor was actually uproarious. The jokes he got off were bad enough to have made even the solemn Jaques laugh.

Bessie, feeling perfectly at home, was full of glee and fun. The hours stole away until Mrs. Ferguson looked at the Doctor. Just then Arnold was saying something to Bessie.

"Look here, Arnold," said the Doctor, "my good wife says it's bed time, and you'll be compelled to tell Miss Bessie the rest of that important matter to-morrow evening."

Arnold sprang up at once. The Doctor escorted him to the door.

"May I come around to-morrow evening?" asked Arnold.

"Didn't I tell you," responded the Doctor, "that you must be very attentive to Mrs. Ferguson's friend?"

"And that means I may come?"

"Of course; but no falling in love with her, Arnold," said the Doctor, shaking his head gravely.

"Never mind that," said Arnold as he left the house.

Arnold was loath to go home. He felt as if he could roam around under the stars all night thinking of his happiness. He thought Bessie loved him. Better than that, the Doctor, a cool, unprejudiced observer, thought so too. Never had he passed such a delightful evening. Bessie had looked charmingly, dressed for the theatre. She had been brimfull of mirth, and yet, amid all her mirth, he could see that she was a girl of intellect. Her criticisms on the play and actors had charmed him, and her bright manner of parrying the Doctor's jokes had delighted him. As he strolled along he made up his mind that he must win her, and resolved that he would tempt his fate on the first opportunity.

On the following day Arnold became too impatient to wait for evening, and so in the afternoon, having obtained a team and light wagon, he drove to the Doctor's house. Once there he asked Bessie to take a drive with him through the Park, of which the Yamsterdorkians are justly proud.

"I should like it," said she quickly, "if Mrs. Ferguson does not object."

Mrs. Ferguson did not object, and so they drove away together. Ah, what happiness little things bring to us! How we treasure in our desks little trinkets, or faded flowers. How we treasure in our memories a drive taken with the one we love.

Arnold was almost tempted to tell his secret to Bessie as they rode along, but fortunately he refrained, and waited for a more propitious moment. They spent all the afternoon in the Park, and returned just in time for dinner.

The Doctor was at home when they returned, and he insisted that Arnold should stay to dinner. Arnold was nothing loath to accept the invitation, so the horses were sent home by the Doctor's servant, and Arnold remained. After dinner the Doctor insisted upon a game of whist. Bessie and Arnold both pleaded that they were poor players.

"No matter," said the Doctor, "we are accustomed to playing double dummy, and the fact that the dummies have assumed human forms will not incommode us."

"Well," said Bessie, laughing, "on those terms we'll play."

The game was not finished when there came

a call for the Doctor to go out on a professional visit. He departed grumbling that his patients always took his hours of leisure as convenient opportunities to fall sick.

Bessie went to the piano and Arnold accompanied her. While Bessie was still singing, Mrs. Ferguson rose and left the room. Arnold saw her depart, and felt that Fate had given to him the opportunity he desired.

Whether Fate had done it, or whether the Doctor had acted the part of *deus ex machina*, is a question which never will be solved. Anyhow, the opportunity had come. Arnold's blood beat rapidly in his veins as he stood there by the side of the woman he loved. As she finished playing and allowed her fingers to touch the keys idly, in a low, constrained voice he uttered one word:

"Bessie."

She looked up in surprise; it was the first time he had ever so called her, but, as she saw the light that gleamed in his eyes, her eyes fell and a slight blush suffused her cheeks. He had intended to speak calmly, but his feelings overcame him, and in a passionate tone he exclaimed:

"Oh, my darling, I love you! I love you! Can you love me a little?"

She looked up timidly in his face. There was still a blush on her cheek, but the light in her eyes was the light of joy. What a triumphant expression passed over his face as he threw his arm around her waist and pressed his lips to hers! The woman he coveted was won. The woman whom he loved loved him in return. Ah, what a triumph!

He led her to a sofa, where they could sit side by side and talk it over. What they said might be eminently proper matter in some book devoted to light literature, but it would be absurd in one given over to such a grave subject as civil service reform. After a short time, however, their conversation became somewhat reasonable.

"But Papa?" said Bessie.

"I will speak to him just as soon as he returns."

"And you will like him?"

"Ever so much."

"And you will like civil service reform?"

"Eh?"

"Oh, but you must like that; that is Papa's hobby."

"Well," said Arnold, laughing, "I'll like that or anything else you wish."

Just at that moment the Doctor entered the room.

The Doctor stood at the door and watched them. Neither of them moved.

The Doctor began to laugh in his usual boisterous manner.

"I think, Arnold," said he, "that I saw you hugging Miss Bessie Preston."

"No doubt you did," said Arnold, "and now, Doctor, you can see me repeat the performance."

So he suited the action to the word.

"I thought I told you not to fall in love with Mrs. Ferguson's friend."

"And did I not tell you I had done so already?"

"Oh, we are incorrigible, Doctor," added Bessie.

"I should say so. Ah, old lady," added he to Mrs. Ferguson, who entered the room, "no more whist."

"Why not?"

"The two dummies have resolved themselves into spoons."

Then he went up to Bessie and whispered in her ear:

"I'm ever so glad."

The rest of the evening passed merrily enough, and the Doctor was finally compelled to drive Arnold from the house.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. PRESTON AT THE CONVENTION.

Mr. Preston reached Tarasoga safely and went to his hotel. He found the place, and especially the corridors of the hotel, swarming with men of the type he had seen on the train. His heart fell. He had come to Tarasoga thinking that here the subject in which he was interested would find a foot-hold. He had had very little experience in politics, but he felt sure that the men whom he had seen were not the kind who would fight much for civil service reform. Among the first people he met was a Mr. Simpson, an old merchant who dabbled considerably in politics.

"Why, Preston," said Mr. Simpson, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm a delegate."

"A delegate? You?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't I be?"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be," said Mr. Simpson; "only I can't see any reason why you should be."

"Why, you are here."

"Oh, yes, but then I've dabbled in politics since my boyhood, and I enjoy the excitement. Surely you are not seeking an office, Preston?"

"No," answered Mr. Preston, "I'm here to prevent office-seeking."

"Oh, I see, you're bit with this civil service reform mania."

"That's it," said Mr. Preston. "Is there any chance for it?"

"Look around you."

"I have," said Mr. Preston dolefully, "but surely these people are not the delegates?"

"Some of them are, and some are not. Those who are not are up here to influence the delegates. Now every one of these fellows is either an office-holder or an office-seeker."

"But the delegates," said Mr. Preston.

"Nine-tenths of them are in the same boat."

"Then I suppose there's no hope."

"You really take this thing seriously?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"That's all I came for."

"Well, your only chance is in the committee on resolutions. I think I can get you put on that."

"Do," said Mr. Preston. "I'd like to make an effort at least."

"I'll see to it at once," said Mr. Simpson as he went away.

Mr. Preston soon came across Tom Adams.

"Ah, Mr. Preston," said Adams, "you have come up, then?"

"Yes, where are my associates?"

"Well," said Adams, "they're playing a

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.



KATE:—"Mrs. McTurk ain't in, sorr! But she wants to know when ye will be after comin' agin!"

little game of poker just now, but I'll introduce you to them in the convention."

The truth was they were both tolerably full of bad whiskey, and Mr. Adams thought the time unpropitious for introducing them to Mr. Preston.

In the morning Mr. Preston went to the convention. Adams kept his word and introduced Mr. Preston to his associates. They were plainly a pair of perpetual office-seekers. The temporary chairman was elected, and the committees were appointed. Mr. Simpson had kept his word, and Mr. Preston found himself a member of the committee on resolutions. Mr. Preston retired with his committee, congratulating himself that at length he would have an opportunity to ventilate his ideas.

Mr. Preston was quite inexperienced, and supposed that the different members of the committee would make suggestions, and that, after discussion, the final result of their cogitations would be put on paper. To his astonishment, nothing of the sort happened. Instead of that, the chairman of the committee drew a paper from his pocket.

"See what you think of these, gentlemen."

Thereupon he proceeded to read a number of whereases, followed by a number of resolveds.

"I think that's about the thing," said he as he finished. "I've seen the Collector, and the Naval Officer, and the District Attorney, and they think that's about the figure."

"Well," said one of the members, "I think the first 'and' in the first resolution should be changed to 'but.'"

The chairman ran over the resolution.

"I believe you're right," said the chairman.

"We'll make that change."

Mr. Preston had been quite dumbfounded by the proceedings, but he finally recovered his senses and asked:

"Are those all the resolutions?"

"Of course," answered the chairman.

"Well," said Mr. Preston modestly, "I didn't hear anything about civil service reform?"

"Oh," said the chairman, "we don't want any of that rot in the resolutions."

"I don't think it rot," said Mr. Preston.

"Well, it is," said the chairman cavalierly; "it's bosh, fol-de-rol, fiddle-faddle."

"Then you don't believe in it?" asked Mr. Preston.

"Of course I don't," answered the chairman promptly. "I never did believe in that sort of stuff."

"Well," said Mr. Preston, becoming a little indignant at the manner in which his hobby was treated, "I shall offer a resolution here on the subject, and, if you decline to treat the matter in the platform, I'll offer it in the convention."

"Well," said the chairman, "I'm opposed to putting any such ridiculous, silly stuff in the resolutions."

"I see you are," said Mr. Preston, indignation having roused him to resistance, "but I still insist."

One of the members took the chairman aside.

"Hadn't we better," said he, "put something about that in the platform? He'll introduce it in the convention."

"And the boys will vote it down."

"Yes," answered the member, "but the papers will raise a row about it."

"That's so," said the chairman.

"And it will hurt," said the member.

"I believe you're right," said the chairman.

"We'll put it very mild in the resolutions, and that will squelch this old nuisance."

(To be continued.)

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SENT any Jay Gouldigrams yet?—*New Haven Register.*

"EDITORS are only human," says the Albany *Argus*. Why go back on a noble profession in this harsh and cruel manner?—*Elmira Free Press.*

AND now they are adulterating oilymargarine, though but what under the sun they can find worthless enough to adulterate it with, we don't know.—*Boston Post.*

"BRIGHT EYES" speaks of the "hellish schemes" of Carl Schurz. Where in—the world could she have picked up such excellent United States?—*New Haven Register.*

A COMPANY burst up in Aurora, Indiana, last week, and the leading man offered the conductor his wardrobe for his fare to this city. The latter declined, being already the possessor of a straw hat.—*Toronto Grip.*

CHICAGO wickedness has been too overpowering for Bernhardt. She closed the performance last evening with a faint.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser.* And yet she has been accustomed to act syn-copiously.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THERE is every indication that the Capitol at Albany will tumble down soon, and there is great uneasiness in the State of New York for fear it will fall when the Legislature is not in session, and thus be a total waste.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CHICAGO clergyman told his parishioners that if they read the Sunday papers of that city they would go to hell. An examination of the papers will convince anybody that the clergyman was right, and that the people would deserve their fate.—*Boston Post.*

A MAN named Butler, in Tennessee, is going to fight because he was called a "darned fool." He evidently thinks that fools and stockings are worse for being darned. But if he tries pistols and coffee, he may find that, like a stocking, a fool with a hole in him is worse than a darned fool.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

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THE recent lectures in Boston of W. H. H. Murray brought him about \$1,000. He has dropped the "Rev." and will preach no more. —Ex. Perhaps he will begin to shed his initials next, and finally come down to a plain sort of a man and pay his debts. Who knows?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

IT is believed now that the "new" Capitol will last about three weeks; but the officers of the Assembly chamber have strictly forbidden, as a measure of prudence, all loud speeches and rude applause, and Tom Alvord has been warned that he must do his fighting out of doors.—*Elmira Free Press.*

SOME arithmetical chap has figured out that Vanderbilt's income would allow him to visit 8,000 circuses, eat 10,000 pints of peanuts and drink 5,000 glasses of lemonade every day in the year. But he doesn't do it. Thus it can be seen that wealth is given to those who don't know how to enjoy it.—*Boston Post.*

IT beats me where all the time goes to; I can't imagine what becomes of it. I know I don't use it all, and yet it goes. Last winter was only three months long and it was scarcely nine weeks ago we said good-by to Burlington, and here it is time for snow-shoes again. I would like to clap an injunction on this sort of thing, but I don't suppose I can do it. We have scarcely begun to realize it is summer, and so the fields are bare and the woods are brown. The years have shortened up marvelously since I was a boy. I can remember when it was three years from one Christmas to another, and about two years longer between the Fourths of July. Somebody has been tampering with the almanac. I wonder if—"We have been losing time ever since we left Philadelphia," the brakeman just remarked to the fat passenger. That must be it—it's Tom Scott that has done it. It's Jay Gould and Vanderbilt that use up all the time.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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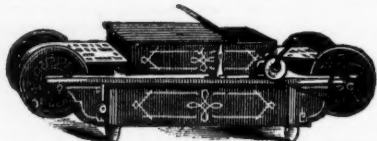
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THERE are 25,428 other idiots in the United States; so cheer up!—*Andrew's American Queen.*

MAINE was visited by an earthquake shock the other day. It was probably an under-ground sunstroke hunting for Jim Blaine.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

PERIODICALS. - PUCK has issued the first of a series of lithographic supplements of prominent men. The subject this time is "James A. Garfield, from the tow-path to the White House." In execution it is equal—possibly superior—to anything that ever appeared in *Vanity Fair*.—*Art Interchange.*

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THE Texas newspapers speak of the late George Eliot as "a very gifted but very immoral man." Such is fame.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

YOUNG gentlemen now carry little perfume bottles which they use at the door when they make a call. This will probably ruin the clove trade.—*N. Y. Herald P. I.*

AN Oil City man traded off his gun for a dog, because he wanted to "get something to boot."—*Oil City Derrick.* You mean he wanted to trade kicks, eh?—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A TOLEDO naturalist has satisfied himself beyond a doubt that the average cat travels a distance of eighty miles every night, when there is no earthly reason for her moving a rod.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN you hear a young lady very carefully say, "I haven't saw," you may be quite confident that she is a recent graduate from one of the most thorough of our numerous female seminaries.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

FOUR newspapers in Texas are edited by women. And when a man gets mad at something in one of the papers, and goes in to larrup the editor, and finds it's a woman, the way he feels mean is a terror.—*Boston Post.*

"FATHER," asked a young man who will vote two years hence, "what is civil service reform?" "Getting the other fellow's man out of office and getting your own in," replied the well-posted father.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

[Peoria National Democrat.]

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BOHEMIAN- AND LAGER-BEER
The finest Beer for family use. The best Shipping Beer in bottles, warranted to keep in any climate for months and years.

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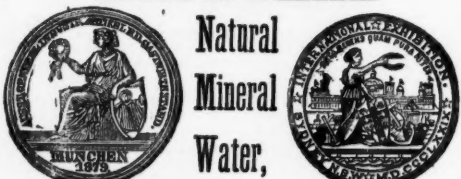
Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.

ENGLISH HATS,
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"UNEXCELLED IN FLAVOR AND BODY."
Introduced in America in 1882
The genuine Jules Mumm has a black necklabel bearing the in-
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The corks are also branded with full firm name.

THE CELEBRATED KRONTHAL



which received First Prize and Gold Medal at Munich 1879, and at
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Popular Nos.: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

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Only the Finest Optical Goods kept on Stock, which the Public
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DR. HURD'S NEURALGIA PLASTER MAILED ON THE RECEIPT
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CANVASSERS Make from \$25 to \$50 per week sellin'
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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.

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Pants to order - \$4 to \$10.

Suits to order - \$15 to \$40.

Overcoats from \$12 upwards.

Samples with instructions for self-measurement sent free to
very part of the United States.

SLADE is now practicing his slate-of-hand
again in New York.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

It has been decided by a Brooklyn Church
that playing cards isn't wicked, and two-thirds
of the congregation have quit using them.—*Boston Post.*

SARAH BERNHARDT is keeping a diary, which
she will publish on her return to France. We
hope she will remember that we have always
spoken of her in the highest terms as a woman,
an actress and a mother.—*Cincinnati Saturday
Night.*

DEAR BARONESS: So sorry, but a previous
engagement, which we cannot well wriggle out
of, will prevent our being present at your forth-
coming nuptials. We should like to have given
you away, to have held your check-book while
the parson attended to the ecclesiastical busi-
ness, to have had you look upon us as a bro-
ther; but, alas, it cannot be. We have a
scheme to unfold to you when next we meet—
a scheme to provide every editor in this mighty
land with a house and lot, a big dog, and a
policy of insurance—but we shall wait until
you have settled down once more to business.
Meanwhile be happy, and please accept the in-
closed mug. An Egyptian gave it to our mam-
ma.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

[Muscantine Journal.]

Two Days' Work.

Two days' moderate application of the means in ques-
tion, enabled Mr. Otto Eichhorn, 1413 Ninth Street, St.
Louis, Mo., to thus write us: "I had been a severe suf-
ferer for the past six weeks with severe pains in the
shoulder and spine so that I was unable to do any work.
Advised by a friend, I used St. Jacobs Oil. With the
second application relief was had and a cure effected in
two days."



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from \$3 to \$500
Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and
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KIDNEY WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

Dr. R. H. Clark, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases
of Kidney Troubles it has acted like a charm. It
has cured many very bad cases of Piles, and has
never failed to act efficiently."

Nelson Fairchild, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is
of priceless value. After sixteen years of great
suffering from Piles and Constipation it com-
pletely cured me."

C. S. Hogabon, of Berkshire says, "One pack-
age has done wonders for me in completely cur-
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IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS
and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poison-
ous humors that develop in Kidney and Uri-
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pation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in
tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts
of medicine. Also in Liquid Form very Con-
centrated for those that cannot readily pre-
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It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, \$1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's,
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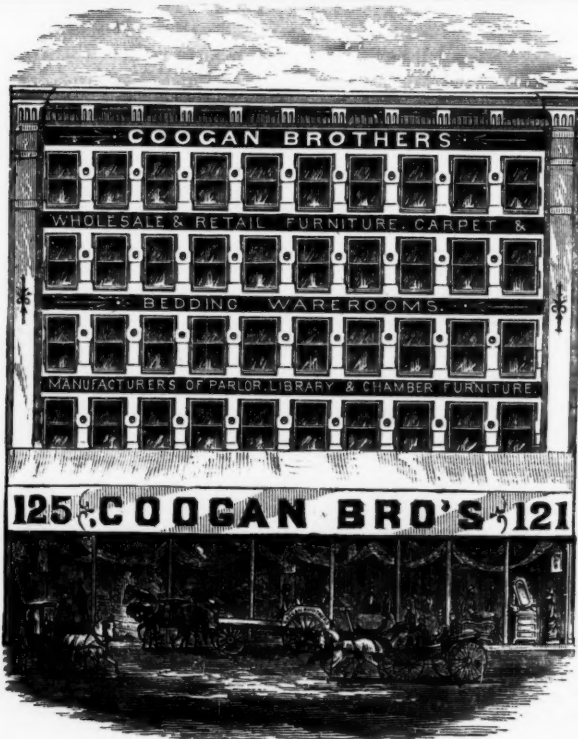
A KEY THAT AND NOT
WILL WIND ANY WATCH WEAR OUT.
SOLD FREE, J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Day St., N. Y.

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The New and Reliable Style of
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ASK FOR
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Note Tin Box, Blue Wrapper, with Sta
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FIFTH EDITION!

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PRICE 25 CENTS.

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Will make an early opening of Spring Styles this week, viz.: French Cambrics and Percales, Batistes, "Anderson" Scotch Zephyr Ginghams, Printed Satines, Cheviots, &c., &c.

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EVENING HOSIERY.

"Haut Nouveautés," special importation for Balls and Parties, Paris and London Silk Hose in Dentelles, Jardiniers, Brodequins, Embroidered, Sandal Lace, and Solid Colors, Ribbons and Plain.

Also,

A large variety of Gentlemen's Silk Half Hose in Evening Shades.

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GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c.**
Samples and Circulars mailed free.

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New York to Liverpool and Queenstown.
Passengers embark from Pier 40, N. R. N. Y.

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PARTHIA... Wednesday, February 9th, 1.30 P. M.
BOTHNIA... Wednesday, February 16th, 6.30 A. M.
BATAVIA... Wednesday, February 23th, Noon.

And every following Wednesday.

RATES OF PASSAGE. First Class, \$50, \$50 and \$100 according to accommodation. Return Tickets on favorable terms. Tickets to Paris, \$15, additional. Steerage at very low rates. Steerage Tickets from Liverpool and Queenstown and all parts of Europe at very low rates. For Freight or Passage apply at the Company's Office. No. 4 Bowling Green.

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Sailing every Saturday.

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Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON, DONAU... Saturday, Feb. 5th. NECKAR... Saturday, Feb. 19th. RHEIN... Saturday, Feb. 12th. MAIN... Saturday, Feb. 26th.

HAVRE, or BREMEN:
First Cabin, \$50; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$2.
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PACKET CO.'S STEAMERS,

CIMBRIA, HERDER, LESSING, SUEVIA, WIELAND, FRISIA, GELLERT, SILESIA, WESTPHALIA, leave New York every Thursday, at 2 P. M., for England, France and Germany.

Rates of Passage to Plymouth, London, Cherbourg or Hamburg 1st Cabin \$80; 2d Cabin \$60; Steerage \$30; Prepaid Steerage tickets \$25. Round-trip at reduced rates.

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INGRAM'S "LIFE OF POE."

An Englishman, Ingram, has written Poe's life:

We recall, as we slowly toil through it,
How keenly Poe wielded the critical knife,
And we wish he were here to review it.

—*Scribner's Bric-a-Brac.*

GEN. GRANT is growing bald. We shall soon be forced to the degrading spectacle of an Ex-President frequenting burlesque shows. —*Boston Post.*

THE Chicago clergymen have made up their minds to let Miss Bernhardt alone, and yet the first day's sales of Bernhardt tickets in that city netted \$7,000. What shall be done to crush this notorious reptile? —*Elmira Free Press.*

THE London dispatches inform us that in about two months grading will begin on the line of the already surveyed railroad through the Holy Land. "Through by daylight to Jerusalem!" Just think of it! "Fast Express to Siloam!" "Palace Sleeping Car for Bethesda!" "Air Line to Tarsish!" One by one the iron horses plow their way through the reminiscences of childhood, through the sacred legends of the Sunday school. In the mind's eye, Horatio, one already beholds the doughnut fiend dealing out dyspepsia and machine made pies in the station at Babylon, and the orthodox Christian swearing at being waked up to buy a prize package at Damascus. The picturesque camel will hereafter haul Saratoga trunks from the depot at Bethlehem; Moody and Sankey will hold a revival at Sodom and Gomorrah; Beecher will lecture on a dollar a day at five hundred dollars a night at Tarsus; the three-card monte men will be forcibly ejected at Zion, or stand in with the conductor at El-habker, and there will be a first class collision once a week between Gilead and Dan. —*San Francisco Post.*

People Should

Purify the blood by cleansing the system of foul humors, and by giving strength to the liver, kidneys and bowels, to perform their regular functions. Kidney-Wort will do it. This remedy is now prepared in liquid as well as in dry form. —*Inter-Ocean.*

"There is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence is the best that has been discovered yet." So with BLACKWELL'S FRAGRANT DURHAM BULL SMOKING TOBACCO—it is the best that has been discovered yet.

CLOTH, CASSIMERES,

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT AT THE LOWEST PRICES

BILLIARD CLOTH (SIMONIS')

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UHLIG & CO.,

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Send one, two, three, or five dollars for a sample box, by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address,

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Is the result of a long series of experiments by the distinguished inventor, upon himself and others, to relieve the terrible suffering of neuralgic pains. Under his name and guarantee it is offered to the public, with the assurance that it will relieve the excruciating pains of

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches.

No higher testimony could be adduced than the certificate of Prof. Edison, who authorizes the publication of the following:

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I CERTIFY THAT THE PREPARATION KNOWN AS EDISON'S POLYFORM IS MADE ACCORDING TO FORMULA DEVISED AND USED BY MYSELF.
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Sufferers who have despaired of ever being relieved and cured of these distressing complaints will find a certain relief by using

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Price \$1.00 per Bottle.

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THE MENLO PARK MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK.
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Corrects round or drooping shoulders, expands contracted chests, strengthens weak backs, prevents spinal curvature, improves the form and voice. Price \$5.00, without back support \$2.50. Chest measure, height and sex required. Mailed on receipt of price. Instruments for spinal curvature and all other deformities.

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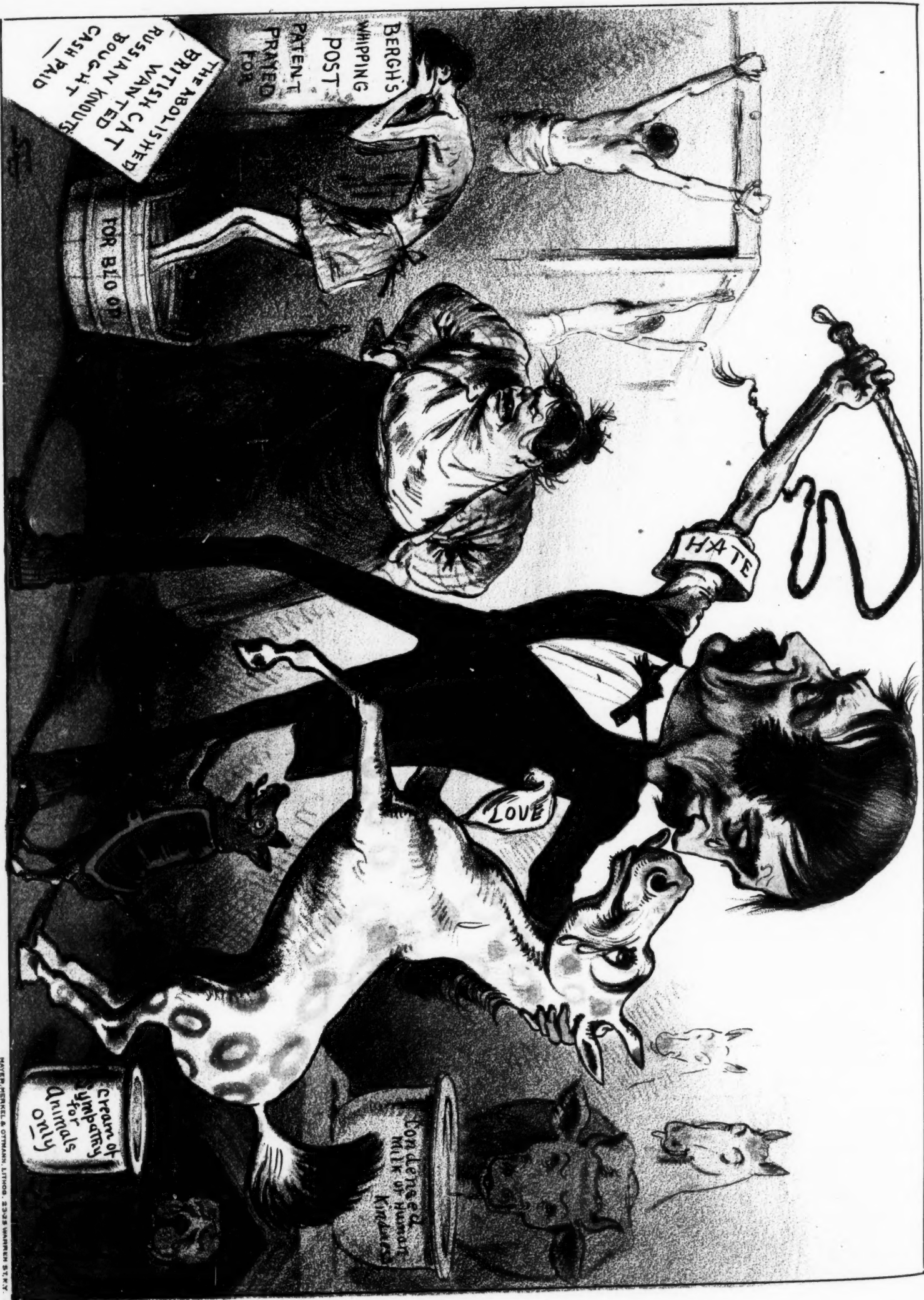
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Gout or Gravel. Schlumberger's harmless Salicylates (their purity being controlled as enforced by French laws, by the Paris Board of Pharmacy) relieve at once, cure within four days. Box \$1.00, postage free, has red seal trade mark and signature of agent Beware of London Counterfeits and home-made imitations. Send stamp for pamphlet. L. PARIS, Gen. Agent for the United States. 102 West 14th Street. Thousands of references.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 4 St. Marks Place, New York.



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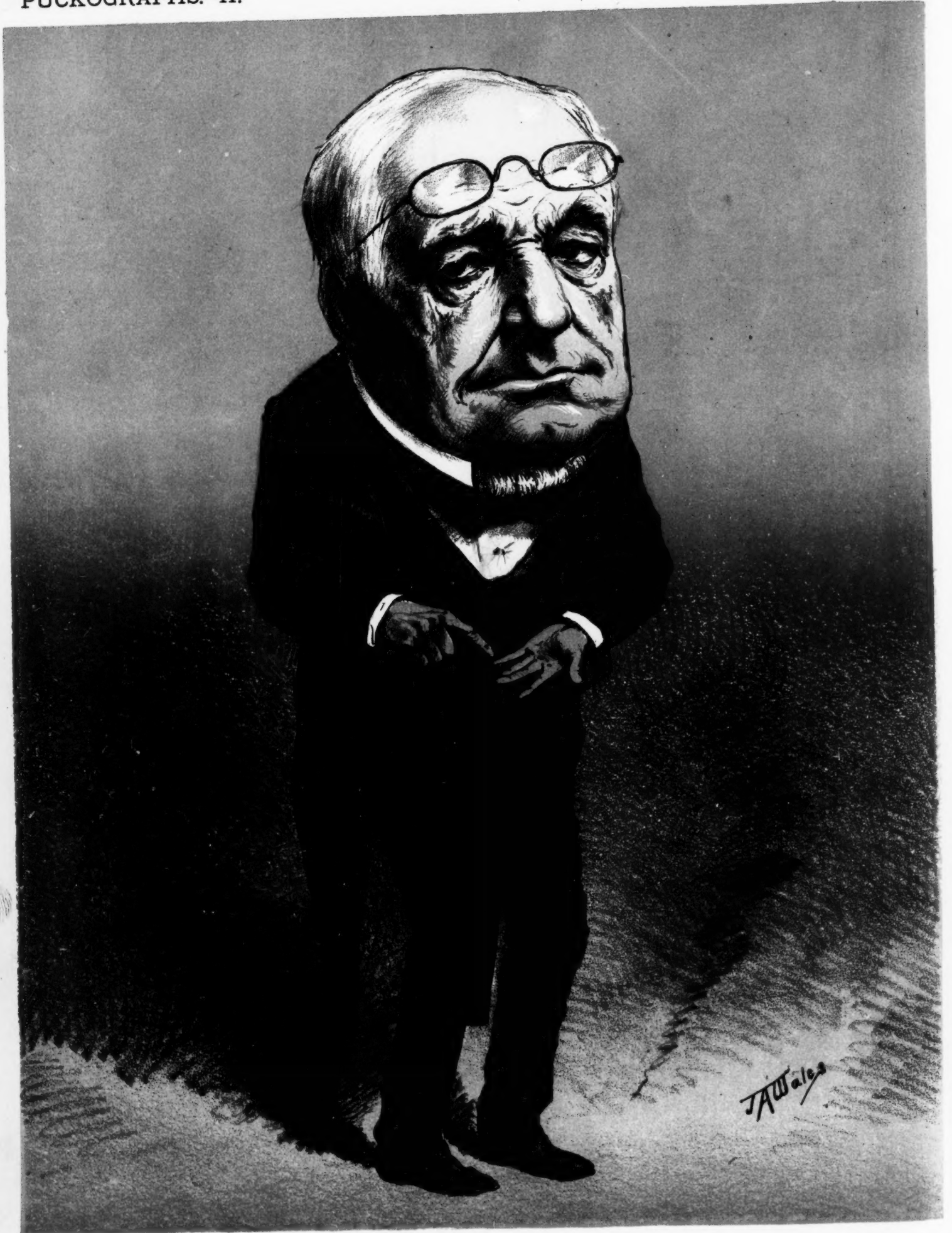
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